The Silent and the Violent

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The Silent and the Violent

by Watermelonsmellinfellon

Summary

@asswespeak on Tumblr Prompted: Soulmate Hannigram AU where Hannibal falls in love with this sweet, twitchy baker who makes the best sweets Hannibal's ever tasted. The thing is, Hannibal doesn't have a soulmark; so of course the good doctor just has to hunt whoever has Will's. After a lot of misunderstanding, (Will thinks Alana and Hannibal are going out and Hannibal thinks he is doesn't have a soulmate) Hannibal finds out Will is actually mute and on his wrist is Hannibal's very specific order. :3

I added some stuff.

Notes

To be honest, this feels rushed to me, but I'm going to pass it off as Hannibal being creepily obsessed and leave it at that. A smidgen of plot in there, but yeah, this was taking too long to write and I've had the prompt for weeks.

See the end of the work for more notes

A/N: Hello, people!

I don't own Hannibal.

I have no beta.

ENJOY!

CHECK ME OUT ON TUMBLR. HELLY-WATERMELONSMELLINFELLON. I FOLLOW BACK.

Hannibal was a man of very exacting tastes. He preferred to consume food that he himself created. As a gourmand, it was difficult for him to enjoy food that more inexperienced persons had provided, because his sense of taste was more advanced than the average person's was, and he could taste just where someone went wrong.

The entire experience would be ruined from that bite forward.

However, Hannibal also despised rude people and knew that it would be rude to turn down Alana's offer for coffee. They were supposed to be waiting for Jack Crawford and while Hannibal didn't want to wait in the heat, he would prefer to sit in his office instead of a most likely shabby shop.

But he acquiesced his his friend's request, because she did not often ask for much and she praised the scones and tea from, 'This is My Design'. An interesting name at least. It wasn't something trivial, like 'Bella's' or 'Happy's'.

The shop in question wasn't as bad as he thought it would be. I was located a few blocks from his practice, and a young lady named Abigail, greeted them the moment they walked in.

"Hello again, Ms. Bloom!" the teen grinned.

"How are you, Abigail?"

The girl was washing down a table near the window, actually using disinfectant wipes instead of a dirty rag that would only contaminate the table even more. Hannibal's opinion of the small shop was rising by the minute.

Already, the shop was looking better than Hannibal had imagined.

"I'm doing better. We're having a special on teas today. They're free until six!"

The girl was a ray of sunshine and seemed so happy with her job. Though her joy seemed a little forced, though not disingenuous. There was a darkness in her eyes that was not able to be whisked away by her brilliant smile.

Alana returned the girl's grin and made her way toward the counter, where another girl was working. She was about the same age as Abigail was, but looked a lot less happy to be where she was.

"Hello, Marissa. Everything going well today?"

Marissa shook her head. "Mr. Graham's dog Buster is ill and he might not make it. Abby isn't taking it well so she's trying to remain positive."

So that was why the girl seemed strained.

Alana gave a horrified gasp. She too was a dog lover and her own pooch was pampered beyond compare. Hannibal wasn't fond of canines or felines, but that was because they would shed fur so much. Without the fur, he would have no issue with them.

"Could you get Will for me, dear?"

The teen nodded and slumped into the back, which gave Hannibal a chance to look over the counter and all the sweets offered.

He hadn't seen such a display of pastries before. So many sweets from all over the world and not just the typical American fare. There were even sweets that weren't pastries, such as sticks of dango. Impressive.

It was also incredibly clean. Hannibal valued cleanliness in his workspace and had to appreciate how much the people at the shop went through to keep the place neat and tidy.

Marissa did not return to the front. Instead, a man took her place. His face was a blank mask, until he noticed Alana. The recognition is his gorgeous eyes was enough to tell Hannibal that he and Alana knew each other very well.

"Hello, Will. How are you doing?"

The man shrugged and Alana tsked lowly, almost too low for even Hannibal to hear.

"I'll be here to help if you need me, okay?"

The man sighed but nodded. Not once did his eyes meet Alana's. He had a problem with eye contact.

Alana pursed her lips, but decided to order anyway.

She asked for some scones and a cup of Earl Grey.

"I'm sorry, Will. This is Hannibal Lecter. I wanted to show off your shop to him!"

Hannibal sent the apparently skittish man a small smile and said, "I'd like a cup of Camomile with a spoonful of honey and a dash of creme. One pound of Baklava. And perhaps four Cannoli, but without the additional accoutrements if you will, in a to go box please?"

The man's jaw dropped for a split second, before his gaze trailed over to Alana. Alana sent the man a kind smile and the beamed at Hannibal.

Will Graham ducked his head and entered their orders. Hannibal's card was already in hand, because the gentleman should at least handle the bill on the first outting to whatever place of choice. Going Dutch could be discussed if they made a return trip.

If the pastries were good, Hannibal might just return.

Will Graham had a sort of innocence about him that Hannibal found intriguing and attractive. His chocolate curls were floppy and wild, and his facial hair just barely made him look legal. Graham had a timeless face and was probably much older than he appeared.

His blue eyes were haunted by something far more than Hannibal could see, but he found himself longing to delve into Will's mind in order to discover it.

Those eyes followed he and Alana as they went to their table. A few minutes later, Marissa and Abigail came over with their orders, both looking far more morose than before. Still, at least they attempted to smile, so Hannibal wasn't offended in the slightest.

The cannoli was delicious. Flaky and creamy, with the proper amount of confectioner's sugar sprinkled on the top. Hannibal had to withhold the moan that nearly slipped past his lips, because it was undignified. The flavors were lovely, coalescing on the tongue like heaven in every bite.

The tea was brewed to perfection and made just as he had asked for. It was shocking, as Will hadn't taken notes for their order.

A good memory. Interesting.

A quiet man with past trauma that affects him every day. Capable of memorizing long orders and getting every detail perfect.

Alana leaned across the table and began speaking in hushed tones. "Will used to work as a professor of Forensic Psychology in the FBI Academy. He'd been doing it for nearly ten years. He'd wanted to be a police officer, but he hadn't passed the exam for field work and decided to try his hand at other things."

Interesting. How did one go from teaching others how to think like killers, to baking? That was quite the leap.

"I had an ulterior motive when bringing you here. You see, Will was a Special Agent who helped Jack's team profile killers. Jack still brings him in at times. Ever since Will moved to Baltimore, Jack has been less able to visit because of the distance. He used to live only half an hour from the Academy, but now, Jack has to do extensive traveling to see him.

I wanted you to meet Will first, before he's suddenly thrust into our case, or the next one. I know that you don't judge people for any illnesses or conditions they may have, but I would still prefer your first impression of him to be better than what normal people get."

“He doesn’t seem ill,” Hannibal observed, thinking back to the attractive man and his skittish eyes.

“He isn’t. Not really. He has an empathy disorder though.”

And Hannibal was swept away.

Will gripped the edge of the counter tightly. Of all the things to happen today, meeting Alana and her boyfriend, hadn’t been expected. And then to learn that the attractive foreigner was his soulmate, but was with Alana, had kind of hurt.

He stared at his wrist, which was a bit sweaty from the band he usually wore to cover up his mark. On it, in elaborate, cursive English, were the words that linked them together. ‘I’d like a cup of Camomile with a spoonful of honey and a dash of creme. One pound of Baklava. And perhaps four Cannoli, but without the additional accoutrements if you will, in a to go bag please?’.

Hannibal Lecter was his soulmate, and he was already taken. He and Alana fit each other quite well. And on top of that, the man was a killer of some sort and Will didn’t know if he wanted to be involved in that. Predatory presence and how arousing he found it to be, aside.

It wasn’t fair.

Hannibal returned to the shop the next day, smiling charmingly at the man at the counter.

“Hello again, Will.”

Will’s eyes widened and he glanced to the door, before giving Hannibal his attention, though still not meeting his gaze.

“I was so impressed by your confections that I decided to sample some more. Would you have any recommendations?”

Will was still silent. It was a bit strange, though Hannibal didn’t mind. Perhaps the man was more shy than he seemed.

Hannibal wouldn’t let that deter him. He decided that he would have Will Graham one way or another. Even if he had to ‘take care of’ the man’s soulmate. All he needed was a peek at the man’s wrist. Hannibal was incredibly resourceful and would find the other person and remove them from the equation.

It didn’t matter that Hannibal didn’t have a mark of his own, he would still own every part of Will Graham. There was a dark beauty there and he intended to make it bloom beautifully.

Will winced as his head throbbed from his headache. It was just not a good day for him to be going to work.

When he opened the shop door, he did not expect to be assaulted immediately.

A hand was placed over his mouth and a rough voice breathed in his ear, “Don’t try to scream. You won’t like what happens if you do.”

As if Will could scream at all.

Hannibal raised his mobile to his ear, answering Jack’s call with great reluctance.

“Hello, Jack.”

“Hannibal, we have just been sent a video from our killer, through one Freddie Lounds. He kidnapped a friend of mine who often comes into profile for us.”

Hannibal’s stomach dropped. “I’m on my way.”

Someone had Will. Hannibal was going to murder.

Will’s assailants were very displeased when he gave no vocal reaction to anything they did to him. They even tried beating him harder in hopes of eliciting a verbal response, but it wasn’t like Will could do much. His mouth was open and sound wasn’t coming out. So that should have given them a hint, but they were too stupid to realize it.

“This bastard has balls of steel,” one of the men remarked.

Will could tell that he had a limp that he had received in his early childhood and that he had a fear of losing control of situations. It was so obvious in his mannerisms and how he held himself.

He was also the type to rely on brute force instead of intelligence to get what he wanted.

The other man seemed to be a little smarter. Every now and then he would stop what he was doing and stare at Will as if he was some interesting experiment. Will was certain that he was coming to the conclusion that Will could not speak at all and if that was the case, how would they handle it?

“I don’t think he’s being brave, Jay, I think he’s mute.”

A hand under his chin to force him to look the man in the eye. “You can’t make *any* noise, can ya?”

Will glared, but did his best to shake his head in a negative.

“That’s gotta mean that your soulmate doesn’t have a mark at all! The poor bastard!”

The two laughed heartily, pointing and mocking him. Will just wanted to reach out and smack him, but his arms were strapped to his sides and he wasn’t going anywhere any time soon.

This was the worst hostage scenario he had ever been in.

They did not know where Will is and Hannibal provided all he could on profiling the killers. Yes, it wasn’t just a killer, there were two. It was also obvious my their modus operandi, that they had once been involved in gymnastics.

Hannibal had kept one thing to himself. He knew the location in the video, having used it himself once upon a time.

Will belonged to Hannibal. It did not matter that they were not soulmates, Hannibal was not going to let some pieces of unworthy filth take his Will away.

All he needed was a sizeable amount of drugs prepared before he went and destroyed the fools who dared to touch what did not belong to them. Hannibal wouldn’t even bother turning them into anything fit for his table, he was going to make an example of them.

And it would be beautiful.

When Will Graham awoke, he found himself in a hospital bed, hooked up to numerous monitors. And sitting beside his bed, clutching his hand, was none other than Hannibal Lecter.

The very hand that had his soulmark resting mere inches below it. The mark was facing the ceiling, meaning anyone could have come in and seen it. Including Hannibal himself.

Will tried to dislodge his hand, but it seemed to wake the man, because he found himself confronted with burgundy eyes.

“Will.”

They did not know each other that well, but Hannibal always managed to say his name like it was a prayer. It made Will feel desired and that wasn’t right, because Hannibal was dating Alana. Hannibal should not be touching Will so intimately when he was with another person.

Hannibal clutched his hand tightly, thumb brushing against the mark. “I had thought that I did not have a soulmate, because I do not have a mark. And despite now knowing that you are truly mine, I don’t think it matters. I had decided that you were mine mere moments after meeting you.”

Will’s jaw dropped.

“I was *very* unhappy to hear of your kidnapping.”

There was a dangerous edge to Hannibal’s voice and Will took a deep, shaky breath. Shaking off the man’s hand, he reached for the dry erase board on the table beside his bed - no doubt courtesy of Alana - and scribbled out a poorly written question.

‘Did you kill them?’

Hannibal’s eyes darkened. “What would you do if I said, ‘yes’?”

‘Good job. Was the tableau as beautiful as I imagine it was?’

Hannibal gifted him with a wide smile that was full of obsession and possessiveness. “Dear Will, it was *divine*.”

‘And will we be dining on them?’

“They weren’t the sort of fare I would choose. Their rudeness wasn’t worthy of *that* kind of art.”

Will erased the message.

Hannibal was the Chesapeake Ripper. It had come to him weeks ago, but he hadn’t felt the need to bring it up because for once, he was confronted with someone who had seemed to genuinely like him as he was. And now, Will didn’t care.

His soulmate was a serial killer and he didn’t mind. Because Hannibal appreciated him for who he was.

Will’s final message was, **‘I don’t really want to kill people, but I can help you prepare the meat.’**

Hannibal’s near manic grin was enough to tell him that his desires would be heeded.

“You are perfection, dear Will. I will enjoy exposing *every last bit* of you.”

And Hannibal leaned in to kiss him, leaving Will to feel as if he had just jumped off a building in a cloud of adrenaline. This relationship would certainly become… interesting.

Their design would be beautiful.

A/N: DONE!

How was it? Let me know!

Check out my other Hannigram fics.

See ya! :D

CHECK ME OUT ON TUMBLR. HELLY-WATERMELONSMELLINFELLON. I FOLLOW BACK.

End Notes

How was it?

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!